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THE NEGRO AND THE WEST

An Entertaining Account of the Recent Trip of the
Grand Master and Other Masonic
Dignitaries to the Far West.

NOTABLE PERSONS AND CITIES VISITED ON THE TOUR

By DR. M. O. RICKETTS, ST. JOSEPH, MO.
Past Grand Master of Masons.

CHAPTER IV.

On Friday, October 9, we were invited to dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Geo. S. Gamble, 1201 Central street. Mr. and Mrs. Gamble were former Kansas Cityans, and although they like Los Angeles very much they admit they still have a yearning for dear old Kansas City. Mrs. Gamble is also a cousin of our friend and guide, Joe Bass, and we were very much at home. They make a specialty of raising hares and were treated to a delightful repast of Belgian hare, milk fed spring chickens and all the other good things for which Los Angeles is noted.

We forgot to mention that we had the pleasure of meeting Miss Beulah Bronson, who will be remembered by many Missourians as the private secretary and companion of the late Bishop Grant and wife, Miss Bronson is stenographer in one of the largest law firms in Los Angeles and seemed delighted to meet a bunch of former acquaintances from the East.

It was with regret that we came to the time when we had to turn our backs on so much of beauty, friendly consideration and good cheer, and we could not help thinking of that good old hymn:

"The dearest friends must part,
Who has not lost a friend?
There is no union here of heart,
That must not have an end."
Bound for Salt Lake.

When we left Los Angeles Friday evening at 8 o'clock several friends were at the depot to bid us God-speed on our journey. One lady brought a bag of California's choicest fruit and told Brothers Crews and Love if I behaved myself they might share the same with me. I presume I gave a good account of myself, for I am sure I got a goodly share of the fruit.

The trip was one of two nights and a day, and when I tell you there was nothing but sandhills and sage brush to break the monotony through Nevada you will understand how tired we were when we reached Salt Lake City. I did not sleep well enroute, and nothing is more natural when you are on a railway train than to eat when you can not sleep, and that may account for the fact that I got my share of the fruit. We shall not soon forget the gift and never forget the giver.

We arrived in Salt Lake City amid a downpour of rain with heavy overhanging clouds, which drowned out all our ardor for sight seeing in the saintly city. Salt Lake City nestles down in the great Salt Lake valley with snow capped mountains keeping watch toward the eastward, and like a babe drinking life and strength from the holy breast of mother hood, this beautiful city has grown into a healthy American city. It is noted for its broad streets, which every one loves, until they have to be paved. The clearest and coolest water one ever drank runs down from the mountains the year round, and almost the whole year round flowers bloom and birds sing, giving one the impression of a veritable paradise. The weather conditions dampened our ardor to see this saintly city, yet we started out as best we could under the circumstances to see what there was to be seen. It being Sunday the city was closed, and I must say Salt Lake

The Mormon Temple.

City comes as near keeping the lid on the seventh day as any city I ever saw. Like all old other tourists our objective point was the Mormon Tabernacle. Upon our arrival there we found a guide just about to start out with a party of tourists, and he very kindly asked us to register and join the party. We were glad to accept this invitation, and after the trip was over we deemed ourselves fortunate in the fact that the guide who conducted the party of which we were a part was exceedingly well posted on what the Mormon religion stands for, and very eloquently gave us some of the history of the church. We are frank to confess that when we were through listening to this man we had a better impression of the Mormon church than that which we had hitherto entertained.

This Tabernacle is a remarkable structure in many respects. It will hold 12,000 persons, and is so arranged that one seat is just as desirable as another, and all seats are free. We saw the famous pipe organ and saw tested the wonderful acoustic properties of this building. Standing more than 200 feet away we could hear the sounds produced by a man rubbing his hands together. At the same distance we could hear a pin fall that was dropped upon a table. After the very interesting lecture to which we had listened, we went to the beautiful Utah hotel to find our friend and brother, A. F. Neal. Here we met a large number of the home boys, who vied with each other in making it pleasant for us. Mr. Washington, who was in charge during the absence of Mr. Neal, had us come down and talk to the boys, and we met as fine and clean looking a set of hotel men as we ever saw. They appreciated to the fullest extent the plain talk we gave them and made us their guests in an auto party for seeing the city.

We visited the many points of interest and stopped to say hello to little Frank and to Mrs. Washington. We were taken to the D. R. G. depot where we boarded the train for Denver over this most scenic route. Two incidents which took place on this trip brought us to realize as never before that:

"There is a power whose care
Finds its way along your pathless coast,
The desert the limitless air,
Lone wandering but not lost."

A Fatal Accident.

While we were waiting at Grand Junction for the west bound train assistance was being rushed to this very train, for just east of Tunnel a 20-ton rock, falling a sheer 125 feet, crashed into the smoker of that train, crushing the steel cars as though they had been paper. Three persons were killed and many injured. Just an hour after we had passed the Royal Gorge two trains collided there with more loss of life and injured. We were fortunate in escaping. While Mr. Crews claims to be something of a predestinarian, and while his views were pretty hotly assailed by Mr. Love, and as warmly defended by Mr. Crews, both used two incidents to prove his contention. Mr. Crews was reminded of his hasty retreat at Naco, and came back by calling attention to the fact that because we were running half an hour late we missed the boulder. Their argument reminded me of a young German justice of the peace who was trying his first case. After the attorneys had finished their arguments he said:

"Gentlemen of de jury, it becomes my duty to make you some instructions. If you belief everything the attorneys for de plaintiff has said, den it is your duty to give de verdict to de plaintiff. If you belief everything the attorney for de defense has said, den it becomes your duty to give de verdict to de defense. But, gentlemen of de jury, if you are like, and don't belief anything either one of them has said, throw the case out of court."

The scenery through which we passed is grand beyond our powers of description, and shows, as nothing else can show, the awe inspiring grandeur of creation.

A Stop in Denver.

After an all day ride through the Rockies we arrived in Denver an hour late and went directly to a hotel, where we were able to secure much better rooms than the supper which was served us. The Grand Master slipped on a few of the very good clothes which he had along with him and went out to seek a barber, while Love wanted a shine, and I wanted to go to sleep. While out the Grand Master made the discovery that in the magnificent \$15,000 hall owned by the Odd Fellows right across the street from the hotel, Centennial Lodge A. F. and A. M. was in regular monthly communication, and proposed that we go over and pay our respects, and it was then that I understood just how David felt when he said:

"I was glad when they said unto me let us go into the house of the Lord."

When we sent in our cards there was something like a panic created. While we waited they sent out the S. O. S. signal. That is the wireless signal from ships in distress. You will recall that the new lettering took the place of the old C. D. Q., which meant: "Come d— quick," while the new lettering means help wanted. I would not be surprised if the brethren of Centennial were sorry of the change. Anyway, the signal brought the Grand Lodge of Colorado, for in the absence of the Grand Lodge the Grand Master is the Grand Lodge, and Grand Master Rector came, attended by a sufficient number of his grand officers to give the occasion all the dignity of a Grand Lodge meeting. We were received in form by the Grand Master, with the exception that the grand honors were overlooked and the pass was not required of us. We were most cordially welcomed, and your humble servant was introduced and made a few remarks, after which Grand Master Crews was introduced and in his happiest and most eloquent vein electrified those present, and made his associates on the trip prouder still of the grand old jurisdiction of Missouri. Grand Secretary Love was witty and pleasing in his closing remarks and captivated his hearers. He stated that he had watched the progress of the European war, and it had never happened that a battle was concluded with the small arm of the service, but the grand finale was usually staged with the heaviest siege guns at hand. He stated that this was the first time in his experience in which the preliminary bout followed the heavy weights, and concluded the entertainment.

Brother Crews was so lavish in his praise of my ability to demonstrate symbolic Masonry that Grand Master Rector requested me to "extinguish" myself, which in all probability I proceeded to do. We were surprised

that our poor effort should arouse such enthusiastic reception. We were invited to be the guests of the Masons of Denver in an automobile ride about the city the next morning, and accepted the invitation.

During the night a snow storm was staged for our benefit, and we really felt sorry for our friend George. He had been telling us that that was just one of the stunts which he hoped the West would not attempt to pull off for him. About 5 o'clock Tuesday morning George slipped out into the hall for the purpose of gaining a window in the rear where he could view the fall of the beautiful to better advantage. The very thought of snow makes George absent minded. He forgot to slip on any clothes, thinking it safe at that hour to wander abroad in his night clothes, which in justification to said night clothes I feel I ought to say they were never intended for use except below the snow belt. He forgot that the latch on the door to his room was a night latch of the hair trigger variety, and he forgot that his pass key was in the pocket of his trousers. When, shivering, he returned to enter the door of his room, he found the door closed and the night latch on duty. Poor George drilled up and down the hall until his teeth chattered from the cold, and he had turned almost as white as the snow. Like a Mason who stammered up in my town, and on account of this impediment of speech arrived at the police station before he could pronounce the pass word, George almost froze to death before he could think of the sign of distress. He came over to the door of my room where he gave several distinct knocks and provoked the following ritualistic dialogue:

"Who comes there?"
"A worthy brother in deep distress."
"How am I to know you to be such?"
"By signs and a pass."
"Have you a pass?"
"Yes, but it is locked in my room and I can't get to it."
"Without a pass how do you expect to gain admission?"
"By examination, signs and inspection."
"What are signs?"
"Chattering teeth and change of color."
"Do you will you be inspected?"
"Oh, hell, Doc, let me in; I am freezing to death out here."
I admitted him, and without awaiting an invitation he possessed himself of half of my bed, and while I do not object to a little thing like that, I do object to having that half taken right out of the center of the bed. He ordered me to go down two flights of stairs to the office and get a pass key to his room.

TELEGRAM TO PRESIDENT WILSON.

Hon. Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C.:
Honored Sir:
Unavoidable circumstances make it

impracticable for me to join the delegation as field secretary of the Constitution League of the United States, who are to present a memorial to you on Thursday, the 12th inst., invoking your intervention against the segregation of government employees at Washington or elsewhere on the ground of race or color. I respectfully submit that such segregation violates the spirit and letter of the Constitution of the United States, forces hardships and degradations on colored employees, undermines civilization, is subversive of American institutions, contravenes every principle of righteousness and justice and is a shameful reproach to our Christian religion. Segregation represents not the ideals of freedom but the ideals of slavery. We pray that you as the Christian president of this free and Christian nation will use your great powers which are more than amply sufficient to remove this foul blot from our civilization.

(Signed) WM. A. SINCLAIR,
Field Secretary Constitution League.

Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 16, 1914.
My Dear Editor:

I was slated to be a member of the delegation which called on President Wilson on the 12th inst., to protest against the abomination of segregation in the government departments at Washington and elsewhere, but on the 11th inst. I found that it was impossible for me to join the delegation, so I sent the president a telegram (a copy of which is herewith enclosed) and have received from him acknowledgement of the same, promising consideration.

I think that Mr. Trotter rendered the race his greatest service in his plain matter-of-fact way in appealing to the president against his "Jim crowism" in the national government. I stand pat with Trotter and for the race.

The New York World in its editorial of Friday, November 13, discussing this matter, says:

"The president thinks that this is not a political question, but he is wrong. Anything that is unjust, discriminating and un-American in government is certain to be a political question. Servants of the United States government are servants of the United States government, regardless of race or color." Other great dailies of the North are also condemning the president for his attitude and it seems to me to be a blunder approaching a crime for any colored man or newspaper to do less.

Our people, for the sake of our children and children's children, must stand as a Gibraltar for all of our rights with all of our might, for only by so doing can we surely rally mighty hosts of our white fellow citizens to our support.

Yours for the race and constitutional government.

WM. A. SINCLAIR,
Field Secretary Constitution League.

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